

**STAGE
SCREEN**

PRICE 10 CENTS

Only Theatrical Newspaper on the Pacific Coast

**RADIO
MUSIC**

INSIDE FACTS

Of Stage and Screen

ESTABLISHED 1924

EDITED BY JACK JOSEPHS

Vol. XII

Entered as Second Class Matter, April 29, 1927, at Post-office, Los Angeles, Calif., under Act of March 3, 1879.

Saturday, July 5, 1930

Published Every Saturday at 550-501 Warner Bros. Downtown Building, 401 West Seventh St., Los Angeles, Calif.

No. 1

REVIEW RACKETING BY EXHIBS STIRS TROUBLE

Publicity Press Ban Discussed

Hollywood publicity purveyors are worried over the rising ire of newspaper editors, precipitated by an unprecedented flow of publicity into the daily press throughout the country during the past few years.

The situation is serious. Editors, publishers' associations, press syndicates and associations of advertising managers are completing their annual summer conventions.

The most dramatic expressions of annoyance with the publicity situation since the flood of public relations counsellor communications first oozed into the news space of the American daily press, have crept from the gatherings. National agencies have already been informed that the bulwarks are going up on a free-space grabbing. Returning from their conventions, editors, inspired by lobby and green-room discussions are ordering their staffs to slash publicity to the bone.

Meanwhile the film publicists and exploiters adopt a code similar to the studio production code, promising sensational changes in publicity policies, covering ethics, advertising art and other items and promising the super-ultra in refinement and honesty of statement.

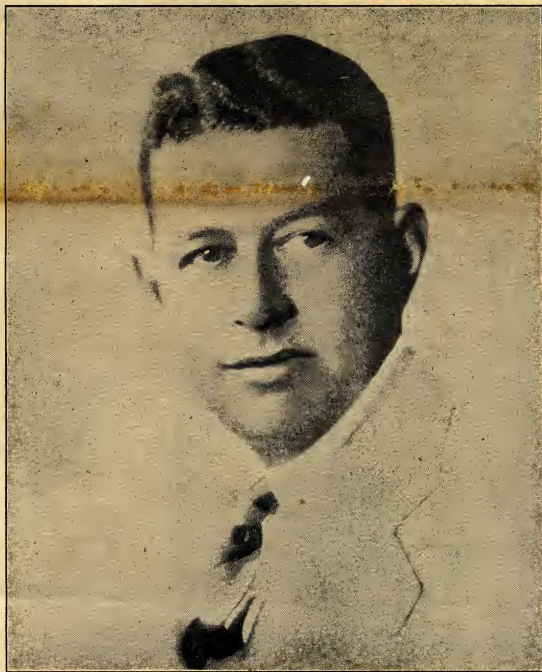
It all presents a complicated and very interesting problem, and one of national import, at a number of recent propaganda investigations in Washington will attest.

Of signal importance must be recognized the fact that the newspaper publishers face a situation somewhat similar to the present impasse that stunts the picture business in the face.

Like the movies, daily newspapers have become very standardized.

Like the movies, the newspapers are presenting hastily hurled out rehashes of the same old stuff, presented in the same old way.

Like the movies, the newspaper (Continued on Page 3)



ANSON WEEKS

Returning from the Roosevelt Hotel, New York, reopening at
HOTEL MARK HOPKINS SAN FRANCISCO

Big Prologue With "Nation" At Biltmore

Lon Murray has been signed to personally stage the prologue for the synchronized re-issue of D. W. Griffith's "Birth of a Nation," which is slated to go into the Biltmore here for a run shortly.

Murray will hold his auditions for the elaborately planned presentation starting next Monday at the theatre. His production plans call for the use of 30 dancing girls who can do tap and ballet, 30 male dancers, and 20 show girls who can sing.

Public Is Wising To B. O. Stunt

A revival of the practice of racketeering in previews is being charged against certain exhibitors in Los Angeles and vicinity.

The public flocks to the theatres displaying the sign "Studio Preview" as much to see studio luminaries, which they are told take in these showings to see the results of their work and to get audience reactions, as to see the picture itself. The name of the picture is rarely known in advance.

Some of these preview showings are legitimate, but the public is beginning to find that in many cases they are not. There are no luminaries present, the picture is a finished production, and oftentimes of an insignificant quality.

Check-up has revealed that, in order to keep the preview sign floating in the breeze, the offending exhibitors are renting pictures for pre-release showings and running them in as previews. The public is finding it out and beginning to squawk.

While distributors are parties to the practice in allowing pictures to be pre-shown in this manner, they are bemoaning the idea and wish it could be headed off. It is illegitimate business, they say, and so is bound to bring trouble and eventual injury to the business.

"It is a box-office stimulant," said one exchange manager this week, "and as in the case of physical stimulants, brings undesirable reaction. The offenders are chiefly neighborhood houses with more or less of a regular clientele. If they are drawn out especially one may by a preview sign they stay away the next. The exhibitor credits the heavy night to the preview and then figures he must stimulate the slack following nights with more previews. And so he becomes an addict. Then his competitor feels the effect of it, and he goes after previews."

It is the general feeling by the constructive minds among both exhibitors (Continued on Page 2)

YOU'LL SEE IT IN FACTS

Fox Spanish Language Attacked

ABSURD NOW ENTERING TO MATTER CLAIM

The Fox Film announcement that they had "unraveled the difficulties" encountered hitherto in Spanish speaking countries by deciding to use the Spanish of the Madrid stage appears to have awakened hearty laughter among Spanish-American leaders here.

In an exclusive signed article printed below, Jose Rodriguez, widely known writer and musician, intimates in diplomatic language that Spanish-Americans are prepared to institute a complete boycott against Fox and all other producers who embark on all-considered Spanish language policies.

The controversy, according to Rodriguez, has descended to absurdity. Hollywood is making fun of the ridiculous before the entire world. Following is the article:

By JOSE RODRIGUEZ

Motion picture producers, more noted for energy than for brains, have been able to adopt the super-stupid that there are only two kinds of Spanish: First, the Castilian, which is correct, and second, the Mexican, which is incorrect. We will waste no words on this particularly stupid statement.

Let us consider, instead, the English language in the same manner that the producers appear to be considering the Spanish language. There are many kinds of English besides the English of London, the English of New York, the English of the English of London. Even in London there are many definite dialects from Petticoat Lane to Portland Square.

When we make a hasty survey we immediately perceive that English has hundreds of dialects—English, Northern English, Scotch, Irish, New York, Pennsylvania, Canada, Iowa, Texas, California, and Hollywood English.

Which of these dialects shall the producers adopt as the official language of the screen?

Of course, each dialect has its place and its honor. None deserves nor desires the mantle of supremacy. Yet this is what the producers are trying to do to Spanish. They seek to seize upon a standard language where there is none. This, of course, as applied to dramatic art and every-day usage. There is no official Spanish language. The language which is used universally in written form and often in spoken form—as addresses before royalty, in the tragic drama, at funerals, in domestic controversies which demand dignity, and in sudden fits of decorum.

But the Spaniard, like the Englishman, reverts to his native vernacular whenever he is himself, which is a little oftener than happens among Anglo-Saxons. Spaniards are poor hands at hypocrisy.

Absurdities

I should like to ask the producers: Would you try to sell a film in Texas, in which cowboys talked like Balliol College undergraduates? Note to producers: Balliol College is part of Oxford University.

Would you produce a talkie in which Clara Bow spoke like a heroine of Oscar Wilde? Would you let Hoot Gibson use his native language in depicting the part of Lord Phlootbont? Would you let the horrid shillabobs of Hollywood garish the precious lipsings of Mayfair?

"No," the producers answer through their mouthpieces, the press agents, "we shall let Clara Bow talk Vulgarian; we shall let Hoot Gibson, murder his vowels; we shall bring to Mayfair the urbane dialect it is used to."

But, on the other hand, the producers seem decided to bring to Chilean, to Mexican, to Argentinian audiences—to the vast audience of Spanish-America, 80,000,000 strong—the sonorous dentals and aspirates of Castilian.

There are 20,000,000 Spaniards. There are 80,000,000 Spanish-Americans. The Spaniards, about one-tenth, speak Castilian. The remainder speak the dialects of Valencia, Andalusia and so forth, and the separate and independent languages of Basque and (Continued on Page 13)



Grover C. O'Day

... the popular young juvenile comedian of St. Claire Sisters and O'Day, now at the R-K-O Theatre, Los Angeles. The act, St. Claire Sisters and O'Day, is regarded by showmen as one of the outstanding legitimate cycling acts in vaudeville. They are handled exclusively by the Weber-Simon Agency.

INA CLAIRE SIGNED

Ina Claire has been signed by Paramount for the chief feminine role in "The Royal Family," which will be filmed this summer at the company's New York studios, setting at rest various rumors which have named Ruth Chatterton as the actress to be assigned to this film.



Tut Mace

... charming Bud Murray protegee and pupil, watching the well-known dance director give "Charley, the Seal," Ray on his off-rhythm tap dancing. Ray called Bud down to brush up "Charley's" stepping, while playing at the R-K-O here this week.

ARE THE TALKIES SUFFERING FROM OVERSUPPLY OF GENIUS

At a time when, despite general business depression, the talking screen should be just reaching the zenith of its pulling power it is, instead, hitting the skids and turning frantically and hastily to stage revues and presentations to help keep theaters filled.

It's an old axiom that the theatre is one of the last to feel business depression. When people are troubled and worried, they seek diversion for a few hours in the theatre or film palace. These sublimated ambitions are given free reign for a spell.

Yet theatre receipts are dropping all over the country with dizzying rapidity. And wisely produced musical talkers are scarcely bringing in their production and distribution costs.

The answer is simple. The motion picture business is suffering from too much "genius," too much "wizardry." There are too many master-minds, whose ideas of entertainment have been warped by years of constant association with the same routines, songs, gags, ideas and sensations.

While they have been living in their little mental padded cells, the world has gone past them and they find themselves grinding out their same old stuff in the same old way while the live-wires have been busy elsewhere.

Thus the motion picture has progressed from its pre-talkie air

of semi-realism to an imaginary world of recent stage development that exists only in the minds of the "geniuses." It has little appeal to the rank and file of the citizenry, who plunk down their dollars to keep the "geniuses" going, but of late have failed to run true.

Thus we find the current talking screen suffering from pseudo-sophisticated drawing-room comedies, wags-and-revues "heavy" dramas, with voluptuously antiquated musical productions and an increasing absence of public patronage.

We find stage playwrights and directors plugging their conception of another person's conception of the dramatic themes and techniques that pleased the audiences, who raved over Pinter, Wilde, Thomas, Bouché and Guilty and others of their time.

We find the same playwrights and directors joining with the scenic designers, cleverly using "art" conscious, to produce a kind of "tremendous conflict," under the pens of Tolstoi, Dostoevsky, Hardy, and such recent writers of the "sad spirit" as Dreiser, Anderson, and the latter Hemingway, and his followers, were more or less excellent original in treatment, but fail to click as films.

And finally, a tremendous substandard repetition on the shallow themes of a score of recent popular successes in the novelistic and dramatic field.

And we have, finally, the colossal flopping of the innumerable direct revivals of revue and opera stories, songs, gags, blackouts, dance ideas as well as the familiar material of vaudeville and picture theater presentations, washed and re-hashed to the ultimate boredom, even though presented in natural colors (two or three of them, at least) and with the music of 100-piece orchestras.

Meanwhile, the great mass of the public has progressed far past the "geniuses" in viewpoints and theories.

Ten years of Prohibition and the constant and interminable discussion of its attendant political and social problems have brought, from the great subconscious of the mob, ideas and opinions of interesting proportion.

Your average citizen has been forced, sometimes against his inclination, to ponder deeply about the processes of government, the activities of the lawmakers, and the age-old fundamental matters of right and wrong, justice and tyranny, man and woman.

Persistent heckling of the reformers has gradually irritated the Man in the Street to considerable actual, if at times painful, thinking.

And his thoughts are not those of the "geniuses." They are not nicely bracketed and set into snug, standardized formulas to which the providers of amusement may make easily evaluated appeals. They are instead a great chaotic mass of shifting, uncertain, but powerful emotional forces, the fundamental instincts of the human animal, complicated and extenuated by the mad rush of the machine age.

The "geniuses" are not keyed to the shifting potteries of the day. Many of them are living in the pre-war days. They sit in their neatly lettered offices in the film studios and grind out the same old boloney, even though the slices are getting pretty thin. It behooves them to get out of their neatly lettered cubicles, to drop their mantles of aloofness from the mob, to step off their pedestals, to get down to what the Man in the Street is thinking. Maybe then the little red marks in the ledgers will change their color.

Legit Biz At Low Ebb

Last week saw legitimate theatre activities at the lowest ebb of many months.

"At the Hollywood Music Box," "The Glory Declared" declared in glorious defeat for its third illness, wiser and poorer idealistic author. The show opened Monday, closed Wednesday, reopened Thursday and closed Saturday, with a large X marking the spot where the body was found.

Boxoffice returns were no asset, and the players have filed salary claims with Equity. They had waived the protection of their union, wiser and poorer idealistic author. The show opened Monday, closed Wednesday, reopened Thursday and closed Saturday, with a large X marking the spot where the body was found.

The Music Box is now dark, with nothing immediate in sight. The Vine Street is now dark and will remain so until about July 15, when "Oh, Judge" is due to open. This is a new musical comedy credited to Gwen Meredith, Lucien Denny and Edward Elmer, with the latter producing. Frederson and Streeter and Wilson, owners of the house, George Fawcett's production of "Under a Virginia Moon" closed there, making a gross of \$4700 for the week.

The El Capitan is doing acceptable summer business with "Nanny" opening at a yet not set in \$5800 for its second week. This show is continuing indefinitely.

The Broadway Theatre is dark, but Arthur Greivill, Phillips and Noel Madison are now casting their production of "Fata Morgana," opening at a yet not set in \$5800 for its second week. This show is continuing indefinitely.

The President grossed its lowest take in years with \$2,500 for the second week. The house was closed Saturday night by the creditors, but Henry Duff is hoping that he will be permitted to reopen.

At the Figueroa Playhouse, "Paths Of Glory" occasioned further dismemberment to the Disabled Veterans who donated the show. They had hoped to gain funds from this to carry on a political campaign for the betterment of disabled men.

The show opened Monday, but failed to take in enough to pay the rent. According to report, money taken from the sale of the show on Monday was seized to pay for electric light used, and the show failed to open Monday night.

A notice was posted telling advance ticket buyers to go to the Owl drug store to get their money back. When given to the buyers, the money was seized to pay for electric light used, and the show failed to open Monday night. A notice was posted telling advance ticket buyers to go to the Owl drug store to get their money back. When given to the buyers, the money was seized to pay for electric light used, and the show failed to open Monday night.

"How peaceful the old battlefields seem,"

When once they were shell-holed and torn, Grim memories of wartime days.

Song birds and wild flowers are again reborn."

The Majestic is dark, with Lillian Albertson's "Last Mile" moved to San Francisco. The Majestic Albertson duo of ace producers have no new legitimate plays for the immediate future, but may do something in about a month.

Al Rosen's production of "Molly Magdalene" opened Monday night at the Maytime potteries of the day. Many of them are living in the pre-war days. They sit in their neatly lettered offices in the film studios and grind out the same old boloney, even though the slices are getting pretty thin.

It behooves them to get out of their neatly lettered cubicles, to drop their mantles of aloofness from the mob, to step off their pedestals, to get down to what the Man in the Street is thinking. Maybe then the little red marks in the ledgers will change their color.

Fay Bainter is continuing in "Caprice" at the Belasco, with Ina Claire's "Rebound," now in San Francisco, to follow.

Class Stage Show Landslide Shows

WEEK Uncertain

Unsteadiness marked the week's picture house box-office showings, with warm weather, beaches, baby dolls, infantile paralysis and business depression taking toll of the weekly offerings.

Chinese held steadily up to capacity figures, grossing \$35,426 on the fourth week of "Hell's Angels." Carthy Circle took a jump for the opening week of Will Rogers in "So This Is London," clicking up \$23,456, ten thousand over house average and within one grand of this year's high record.

Sixth and closing week of "Divorcee" at the Criterion sank to \$7801, but there have been lower weeks. House average is around \$12,500. "The Big House" is a little low.

Lewy's State picked up a third week of \$252,92 for Ramon Novarro's "My Darling Clementine." F. & M. "Cadet" drew, six thousand under average but better than previous weeks.

The Boulevard did five hundred over average on "Floradora Girl" grossing \$7,836. Egyptian was low with the mark of \$9,816. Ruth Chatterton in "Lady of Scandal" and the Ben Bernie band.

Hollywood Pandas grossed an unimpressive \$16,016 with Gary Cooper's "Texan," second run, plus F. & M. "Seeing Double" idea.

The Ford picture at the Paramount opened none too strong but built up to an estimated gross of \$100,000 for the week of the summer figure. First week of "Shadow of the Law" will run around \$14,000 for the United Artists.

Alice White again failed to draw very big, her "Show Girl in Paris" grossing \$10,000 at Warner's Hollywood house. At the Downtown, Corinne Griffith's "Back Pay" grossed a summer \$10,000. "Seeing Double" at the Orpheum, was no sensation, doing about \$15,500.

STREET TRUSTEE IN DUFFY CASE

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—In an effort to clear up the tangled financial affairs of the Henry Duffy Players, creditors of the company met at the Hotel Alcazar and elected E. C. Street as trustee. His work having been completed G. A. Blanchard has been released as receiver.

At the meeting Duffy, who has been acting as general manager of the houses under the receiver, took the stand and testified that he found it necessary to close the houses because of lack of patronage. In view of Duffy's testimony the statement attributed to him and published in the dailies, that the theaters were closed contrary to his wishes, was erroneous.

Only apparent solution of the affair was for Duffy to step out and let the creditors attempt to clear up to the matter, which procedure is now under way. Four of the Duffy houses—the President and Alcazar here, the Duffin in Oakland and the President in Los Angeles—were suddenly closed Sunday.

Current reports indicate that Duffy, with a backer, may attempt to rehabilitate his chain later when the current financial depression lets up. There is no confirmation of this, however.

The Alcazar and President here probably will revert to the Winship estate, owners of the property, while the Duffin in Oakland will return to the finance company who built it.

A schedule of bankruptcy shows the Henry Duffy Players have debts of \$495,442 and assets of \$649,660. Among creditors are the Bank of Italy, Duffin, a \$45,000 mortgage on Duffy's Hillborough home; E. S. Pillsbury, \$30,800, and the Hibernia Savings and Loan Association, \$28,963.

After a successful operation for appendicitis, Jeanette Loff, Universal's popular featured player and blonde beauty, is well on the road to recovery.

PRESS ATTITUDE TOWARD THE THEATRE BUSINESS DISCUSSED

(Continued from Page 1)

racklet finds itself advancing at an amazing rate in a technical way, but still lagging far behind the times in ideas and subject matter.

And like the movies, the newspapers are facing a series of insurmountable problems, and are increasing public apathy.

Then there is the tremendous competition of the radio. The result was to be expected. Publishers started slashing staffs and number of pages in a retrenchment policy. The current business depression has seen advertising, both display and classified, sagging, in many instances, to a serious low level.

Now the papers are getting "tight." They haven't got so many pages to fill. And the press-agents are feeling the effect, but are still unable to get over to many of their employers the reason for the changing situation.

You can bet your boots that the papers will get "tighter." The cost of paper is still constantly on the rise. New improvements in production methods are expensive. Other economic items of little interest to the box office enter into the matter.

So what about movie pages and movie news? What's the trouble? The big trouble is that most editors today have very little conception of just what the show business is all about, not to mention that they are still mentally in the position of the small town "helen actors."

The simplest illustration of this attitude toward the show business is to lay out the papers at 100 daily newspapers, selected at random, and compare them with the same papers, so-called, or if any, of the same publications.

The difference is so great, with the exception of the metropolitan press, that there isn't any comparison. And the publicists are partly to blame.

Anybody who stops to think the thing over carefully, will agree that the sport pages of the daily press are loaded with from two to ten times as much free publicity as the drama pages.

Many will call it "live news." But not. The percentage of it, basically speaking, is just as much guff and hokey and than the news of the show business.

Phoney personalities are purfed up. Arguments and discussions are waged, wise-cracking sport writers tear off reams of copy that is as drooling in its exploitation of persons and events as the sappiest fan-directed yarn to come from Hollywood.

And excluding the majority of the metropolitan press, consider the comparative standing, newspaper ability, intelligence, salary and other assets and emoluments of the dramatic editor as compared to the sporting editors and their assistants. Everybody knows the answer, without second thought.

Why are there Damon Runyons, Grantland Rice, Mark Kellys, etc., etc., writing real, snappy, newsy comments for national syndication in the daily press about Hollywood and why is the drama editor not as respected and paid as a member of the average newspaper organization as the sports editor?

The blame lies with the editors, with the reactionary, stand-pat "stick to the old traditions" editors and publishers, who still regard the theatrical amusement industry in all its branches as a sort of gypsy affair, a necessary evil in the way of running news, since they "do advertise," and something to be jammed in an odd corner of the paper, except of course when some Hollywood personality is so unfortunate enough as to become involved in a scandal. Then they leap in, clattering gleefully to hammer the poor victim's reputation to bits.

The current daily press, in spite of its highly exploited high ideals, the allegedly superior mental qualities of its staffs and its supposedly complete mastery of the press-agency game, is as fundamentally incompetent in its own way as is Hollywood.

And no greater proof of this is evidenced than in the incompetence, unimaginative and in instances, downright stupid, manner with which it approaches the theatrical industry, the fourth largest industry in this, the foremost country in the world.

The next move in a merely casual study of the question, would be to check the number of press agents representing sporting and similar activities in comparison with the number of theatrical press representatives, considering of course, the tremendous superiority of the amusement world in actual investments, theatres in operation, etc.

That would give some of the hidebound editors something to think over carefully. Then with all the statistical resources at their command, why not make a careful check of the newspaper readers, who would like to read honest-to-goodness news, comment and opinion about the show business just as much and in many cases, more than about sports.

There are 70,000,000 people attending shows regularly, according to a typical estimate. That's pretty big public. Those seventy million and many more are sick and tired of the present drama pages of the country's newspapers. Whether editors are conscious of it or not.

They POSITIVELY pass up those pages in many cases, to a surprisingly large majority.

And whether editors or publicists believe it or not, the situation is a serious one. It is one that is partly responsible for the tough times exploiters have in putting over even big pictures.

For the public has lost confidence and doesn't pay attention to the drama page, while at the same time coughing up to read the book sports stuff, which is put over with an air of snap and sincerity.

That editors or publicists will dare to look the entire fundamentals of this situation squarely in the face, and remedy many faults and stupidities upon sound economic grounds, is hardly to be expected.

But great deal of good will be done, if they'll stop to sit down and throw aside personal opinions and prejudices and even consent to think the matter over impartially.



Dudley Valentine

... prominent Los Angeles jurist, who is now a candidate for reelection to the Superior court bench in Los Angeles after years of service in many courts, during which time he has a ways demonstrated a kindly and sanely judicious attitude towards the show business, building a wide friendship amongst the profession.

LEVY LINES UP VAUDE BOOKINGS

Bert Levy is planning to line up a number of houses for vaude, starting with the Mission Theatre, Ventura, which opens a five-act vaude house on Sunday, July 6. Indisposed operators are taking a renewed interest in supporting vaudeville bills with the returning swing of the big circuits towards stage support in talking pictures.

Once, the big shot booking organization of the coast, the Levy time was sagged to but a few houses during the past year with heavy competition and house buying from the chains and the heavy proceeds made by talkies.

NEW CLUB OPENS

The Cabin Club, 2220 Central avenue, opened Friday, June 27, a new night club in the Central avenue district, owned and operated by Tom and Thurnia Davis. They have a colored revue consisting of twenty-two people. They have an eight-piece orchestra, Edna Barr's Rhythmsters. The costuming and staging of this revue was wonderful. The cabin itself is decorated in keeping with its name.

WARNERS JOIN THIS WEEK IN BIG COMEBACK

This week sees the return of high class stage presentations to Los Angeles and Hollywood climaxed by the opening of the Larry Ceballos Revues at Warner Brothers' Hollywood Theatre, July 4.

After two weeks at the Hollywood house the show moves as a unit to the downtown theatre for another two weeks.

Among the featured talent are Irene Delroy, Charles King, Olsen and Johnson, Lowell Sherman, Noah Beery and Loti Loder, backed by a line of 60 girls and supported by a symphony orchestra under Arthur Moranz.

Declaring box-office receipts have demonstrated over many weeks past that the public not only desires in-person entertainment, in addition to picture, at the key houses, but desires it of high quality.

Other producers have let it be known that they have plans for the restoration of stage entertainment for the season, but the Warner group have decided that picture stage is patent now and there is no reason why further losses should be suffered. That the move will be profitable to them is demonstrated in exchanging box-office receipts at the Chinese Theatre, where the Sid Gramson prologue, revived after the presentation of the film "Hell's Angels," has proved the sensational money earner of the season.

Paramount-Public and Orpheum are expected to go back to the stage in a big way with the opening of the fall season. The Fox Theatre chain is planning to improve the quality of stage presentations. Officials admit they do not expect to compete with the Ceballos productions in the Los Angeles district, but at the same time they are preparing to spend a lot more money on their revues and are seeking big names for feature billing.

CUKOR'S NEW CONTRACT

George Cukor, formerly of the Broadway stage, has signed a new contract to direct talking pictures on the Fox picture "Grumpy," featuring Cid Maude.

Anson Weeks Returns

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3. With a record attained in New York, at the Hotel Roosevelt, and over the Columbia Broadcasting System, Anson Weeks, whose picture appears on the front cover of this issue, is preparing to follow his co-direction of "Grumpy," featuring Cid Maude.

For three years Weeks and his excellent musical organization have been a favorite attraction at the Nob Hill hostelry. The band jumped across the continent recently to open at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York, and while there played three nights each week over WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting System's national hook. Making another cross-continent jump, the band returned at the Mark Hopkins, where a capacity crowd of friends attended to Weeks' popularity, evidenced by an unprecedented flood of wires, letters and flowers.

The Weeks orchestra has always specialized in the higher class of musical entertainment and has appeared to the exclusive type of followers. In addition to broadcasting over KRCR and the Don Lee-Columbia chain, Weeks and orchestra also recorded for Columbia, latest wax releases being "Ro-Ro-Rolling Along" and "Hi I Like Girl Like You."

Zelda Santley

... popular vaude headliner, who is featured at the RKO Theatre, Los Angeles, this week.

Picture Reviews -- Previews -- Shorts

'THE BIG HOUSE' M-G-M PICTURE (Reviewed at Criterion)

"The Big House" has one of the most banal, hokumistic, typically melodramatic plots known to the school of tear-jerking thriller fiction. It's rip-raring stuff from start to finish. For that reason it will be a tremendous success.

It is a film that possesses a basic appeal to the great mass of moviegoers, who demand "plenty of action." That demand is catered to, overlaid with a measure of technical superiority in the greater part of its presentation and staged with a cast composed of pulling names.

It is the most interesting of the films resulting from the prison story vogue, because it is theatrically effective in getting over its banal story and because it has been produced on a lavish and impressive scale, culminating in a prison riot sequence that is the last word in things of that sort.

For all the super-publicity characterizing the picture as an "epic of realism," with a love story that will "tear at your heartstrings," and the final touch of grandeur, "the best dramatic picture of the year," "The Big House" is nothing of the sort.

"The Big House" is a master stroke of showmanship in which a major studio has craftily combined many effective standard emotion-ally stimulating and laugh-getting touches with the basic ideas of several successful stories and plays for a timely film of a timely subject, all presented with an admirably counterfeited air of realism.

To say that the film is a "masterpiece of realistic art" and great "drama" is to confess a flagrant disagreement with Webster's familiar volume.

To deny that it is a fine bit of showmanship that, consciously or unconsciously, has adjusted itself to the groove of the "greater audience," is equally ridiculous.

EXHIBITORS' VIEWPOINT: Here's one to grab and exploit. The public is ripe for yarns with plenty of action of the thriller type after scads of drawing-room comedies and musical plays, and this has a topical theme of great interest. It also has an angle for cajoling in the feminine flinger. The cast is filled with pulling names.

PRODUCERS' VIEWPOINT: George Hill has directed this film very effectively. He worked from smartly contrived script and dialogue by Francis Marion, Joe Farnham and Martin Flavin (whose wrote the play, "The Criminal Code"), and with a well-chosen cast. As an example of a carefully planned product it's a top-notch bit of work.

CASTING DIRECTORS' VIEWPOINT: Wallace Berry makes a fine return as a heavy, playing "Machine Gun" Butch to

balance neatly with the work of Chester Morris as the gangster, who goes straight, an excellent bit of work, and Robert Montgomery's characterization of the weakling.

Lella Hyams played the weakling's sister, whose love redeemed Morris satisfactorily. Lewis Stone was sufficiently impressive as the warden; George Marion, Sr., got in a good bit as a prison guard; Eddie Boyer did a polished bit as a stool-pigeon; and DeWitt Jones did fine work as the hard-boiled captain, who "didn't know any prayers."

GIBBONS.

'THE FALL GUY' RADIO PICTURE (Reviewed at RKO Theatre)

Not a bad little yarn about every-day people. No glamor about it but it teaches a little lesson without getting preachy.

Jack Mulhall is presented as a drug-store clerk out of work, with a wife (Mae Clarke), who is not above scolding her man when cash runs low, as women will. Unable to find work, he accepts, in return for an honorarium, custody of a suitcase from Tom Jaxon, who knows Tom has a reputation for bootlegging and expects the suitcase contains booze. He takes it home to store for Tom because the latter's place is hot (not meaning hot in the sense of temperature, but "hot" in the underworld sense, that is to say, Tom feared the police were closing in on him—we use the term here as an abbreviation), and the good wife objected. She said she preferred to see her husband working in a fish market, and proceeded to get him a job in one.

However, Fate intervened and turned the scales (not a fish-market term in this case), providing Jack with a job in a detective office. But meanwhile there was jeopardy for our hero. Jack's sister (Wynne Gibson) had a sweetie in dinner that night, and he turned out to be a dick (see the Journalist's Dictionary of Colloquialisms). The suitcase, upon being opened after discovery, was found to contain about \$5000 worth of dope.

It looked pretty bad for Jack for a while, but by snubbing his wife he trapped Tom into an admission of guilt and so won his job in sweetie's office.

EXHIBITORS' VIEWPOINT: Fair program booking for all ages, with no fear of censorship, and with possible exploitation theme with morality leagues and what not. It teaches husbands not to lie to their wives, and compounds lives in the belief that they themselves are always right. It is therefore sure-fire for the family trade.

PRODUCERS' VIEWPOINT: It looked pretty bad for Jack for a convincing enough except for the error of having the hero and wife scared by the police since a couple of minutes before villain Tom walked into Jack's trap. No villain worth his salt would walk into an apartment house with the wagon was backed up to the door. What do you think?

The picture is an adaptation of the stage play of the same name by George Abbott and Jimmy

Gleason. We can safely say, without fear of successful local contradiction, that the adapters did a good job, as we have been unable to locate anyone in Los Angeles who ever saw the stage play.

The title ending of a double climax and a job for the out-of-work hero was saved by a gag, for which many thanks are due Ned Sparks and an unlibelized insurance collector—and a saxophone. We just knew, all the way through, that the sax was being featured for a purpose.

CASTING DIRECTORS' VIEWPOINT: Jack Mulhall at his best, in an ideal casting; Mae Clarke, as his wife, did a very neat job; in fact she was almost too natural, and a lot of husbands are liable to forget they're in a theatre and start to argue with her, or fall asleep. Ned Sparks provided frozen-faced clowning as a sponging, brother-in-law, out-of-work truck driver learning to play the saxophone. His gags were not so good in character as those of "Lulu" was Jack's sister's sweetie-dick, a quiet but well enough handled, and Tom Jaxon was all right as the villain. Wynne Gibson was o. k., too, as Jack's sister in little more than a bit part. And where there are no tenements, there you and Ann Brody.

YEATES.

RECAPTURED LOVE! WARNER BROS. PICTURE (Reviewed W. B. Hollywood)

Here is a very entertaining film that hides its light under the banal title of "Recaptured Love." Adapted from a comedy drama by Basil Woon, the action taking place in Detroit. The story is a sparkling and diverting tale of marital triangulations. It provoked numerous chuckles and much favorable comment from opening day audiences.

It brings to the screen a gentleman who reveals considerable possibilities as top-rank screen material. John Halliday took this tale in hand and walked away with it. He has the ability, a unique one, if many other screen performances are any proof, of being able to read the lines and at the same time pantomime them to their full possibilities. His work has that smooth combination of gesture and intonation that comes from years of experience, both in living and acting.

Halliday plays a wealthy chap, with a wife and son, who falls for a night club miss, who can "give acid rain to his south." She then plays the wife without tear-jerking episodes, and Dorothy Burgess "daddy's" Halliday as the jazz baby.

The farcical theme is never permitted to lag and, technically, it's a gem of its sort. The solution brings a pun and a double entendre to the final filip of humor to a very satisfactory film, far above average program standard in entertainment value.

EXHIBITORS' VIEWPOINT: Made to order for summer box-office. It's packed with chuckles. Halliday is worth exploiting. He brings a new type of appeal to women, an American sophisticate, and the stage play of the same name by George Abbott and Jimmy

appear in characterizations different from their previous screen work.

PRODUCERS' VIEWPOINT: Warner Brothers have produced a 1930 Menjou in Halliday. Polished and fascinating, his characterization is better fitted to the American screen. Always the well-dressed man, he is distinctly an American style personality. It is around actors of his type that the American comedy of wit and subtlety of a generic sort may be developed to its full value.

John Adoli pushed himself to the front with his canny direction from the polished screen play and lighting by Charles Kenyon. This should be looked over as an example of smart faze with an American setting. Much more interesting than the second-rate English drawing-room affairs.

CASTING DIRECTORS' VIEWPOINT: An actors' paradise, the cast seized opportunity to the full. Miss Bennett threw aside tear-jerking and jumped into the farcical merriment revealing new abilities; and in a role that permitted her to be herself, photographically, Dorothy Burgess demonstrated she can do other stuff besides the sinky dark-skin dialect parts credited to her. Richard Tucker as Halliday's friend, Junior Durkin as his son, and George Bickel as a Detroit rouse, amply portrayed the balance of the major roles.

GIBBONS.

'WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE' PARAMOUNT PICTURE (Reviewed Paramount Theatre)

Willard Vander Veer and Joseph T. Rucker, cameraman with the Byrd Antarctic Expedition, grab 99 per cent of the credit in a motion picture way for this unique production of photographic value.

During that long period when the inhabitants of Little America put over their project without the aid of a single film, the cameramen ground out miles of film, shooting the stuff with imagination and a canny regard for photographic values.

Then while the bark City of New York ploughed its slow way back to New York and Broadway, the films were rushed ahead for cutting and editing so that the picture could break simultaneously with the return of Rear Admiral Byrd and his heroes of Antarctica.

That's where Paramount missed a great opportunity. For the cutting and editing of the film lack the greatness of the filming.

Coming to New York at about the same time was a director who from the cinematic wilds of Soviet Russia had spread his name the world over for his imaginative handling of the tremendous sweep of great conflicts, of mass against mass in man against conditions.

It is interesting to speculate on what Sergei Eisenstein would have done with the miles of film that held the story of Byrd's flight over the South Pole.

The film was "turned over" to Emanuel Cohen, Paramount newsreel editor, who is credited as the editor. Mr. Cohen's contribution to the epic of daring is a mass of editing and editing that reveals the stock fashion of travelogues, with

the addition of Floyd Gibbons' nerve-wracking chatter during the most important sequence, the actual flight over the pole. Julian Johnson is credited with writing the titles.

Here was the one American motion picture with the potentialities to surpass the Russians at their own game. Here was an opportunity to show the world, as they came, building to a terrific climax a mighty struggle of man against the elements.

But the cutters and editors were unequal to the task. Maybe they were rushed too much.

So the gripping record of a great happening emerges on the screen as just another travel-film, technically, great only in that it is a vital human document, illustrating the progress man with his many instruments, his planes and radios, has made in conquering the elements.

Under Eisenstein's editing, it might have emerged as one of the greatest pictures ever made. Meanwhile the great Russian director, under contract to Paramount, sits in the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles and "meets the press at tea."

The film opens with an introductory talk by Rear Admiral Byrd, then quickly swings into the actual expedition. Little time is lost in getting the ship, the Ross Barrier, great ice continent that is to be the scene of Little America.

Construction of the camp, burying of food and place in the ice, the settling of the long Antarctic night, periodic testings of the baric, hazards of the expedition, the curious penguins, flying trips on the dog-sleds, scenes in the air, preparations for the actual polar flight, and finally its successful accomplishment and the return to civilization, are all caught by the camera, and, with the exception of the Byrd and Gibbons talks, handled in silent picture style, with numerous titles and musical synchronization, featuring the popular song plugged by Paramount to welcome Byrd on his return.

Accompanying news-reel showed Byrd's arrival at New York, sensational paper-shower reception and the welcome at city hall.

EXHIBITORS' VIEWPOINT: Positively a worth-while booking, one that capitalizes on tremendous exploitation, and is also a great human document.

PRODUCERS' VIEWPOINT: What should have been a truly artistic masterpiece as well as a great cinematic achievement has been so unimaginatively handled as to rest for its laurels solely upon Admiral Byrd's achievement and the fine work of the cameraman.

CASTING DIRECTORS' VIEWPOINT: In place of the masterly cutting that should have built up to the tremendous punch of the actual Polar Flight, Floyd Gibbons, "Radio Headline Hunter,"

(Continued on Page 15)

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City May Regulate Tom Thumb Golf

In Hollywood—Now

By BUD MURRAY

At the Masquers' annual meeting for the election of officers for the ensuing year, had a most enjoyable evening, and waited until the returns were in, at midnight Wednesday. Mitchell Lewis was in a contest for a "best" award, relieving dear old Sam Hardy of this most arduous task, and "Mitch" will surely carry on great where Sam left off.

Lawrence Grant was elected "Pierrot," and Don Lee, "Ponchinello." A glance around and we saw and gabbled with many old friends, such as Glenn Tryon, and that grand actor, Edmund Breese, and G. Pat Collins, who was with us in "Passing Show of 1916," and Lee Moran, and cannot forget Paul Nicholson, who took us back to Gen. M. Cohen days, Harry Vernon, the boy who has a trained "Bass-bird," who razes a low "C." We must apologize for a real old timer, a brother Masquer, Addison Burkhardt, who called us on writing that Eddie Moran staged "Rat" in 1908. We have seen only did the dances. "Addy" did the book, and surely did a great job. Addy thought he was a real old timer, but when the boy friend started talking about the old La Salle Days, in Chicago, about 1902 to '03, before the "shooting era," we were stopt; at any rate we did go back as far as "Louisiana Low," which is right about 1902. A great story, and one that would be ideal for the screen today. How do these talking picture experts miss such chances?

To Henry's after the meeting, and ran smack into our old boss, Sid Grauman, whom we thought was on the train for "Tues." on the daily papers, who had him on train and gone. Sid got laid and said, "As, though they didn't get it, we didn't go." As though anyone would want to see Sid go away. He seems to be the "show spirit" of Hollywood. Sid has been him. The present influx of stage presentations prove that. Don't go away, Sid, say "IN HOLLYWOOD—NOW" and you are always "With Sid was his best man, Joe McCloskey, a perfect lay member of the Masquers, a real friend."

Bumped into John Medbury, the silent member of "Mutter & Mumble," trying to get a nickel back onto the telephone machine in Henry's, trying to get the phone number of the "dumb-dora" who is a friend of "Mutter and Mumble." John thought maybe I had the girl's number (you're wrong). We had indirectly told him we were "bumped" it on the beach of the family moving down to the beach. Never had so many chances to step out in one night. And both invited us, and along came Jack Josephs, who also was a bachelor for the night, and no place to go, then Redmond Wells, with his Skrammer and Ed Kane, and to tell the truth, and it could have been a big bite, but we all went right home to get a little "rest." This all happened IN HOLLYWOOD—NOW, believe it or not.

On my first day on the beach with the family, and swam into John T. Murray, formerly at the Winter Garden, and his charming wife, Vivian Oakland, whom we didn't recognize in a bathing suit, she looked so "cuteyish," and George Skrammer, up and down the beach, with that "terrific" top-toned tone, who never "cracks" a note, day or night, Frankie Richardson, an m. m. c., one of the few left, Henry Fink.

We must confide that we played a lot of stage dogs for the first time in years. But this was real and so entrancing. Two different personalities, and both the very best in their respective lines.

First we visited our dear old friend, Kitty Doner, appearing at the Hill-street, and what a "dynamic act" she does! However, leaves the stage. Kitty knows vaudeville and her audience. She was together in 1923 in "The Dream Girl" in N. at the Hill-street, and what a "dynamic act" she does! However, leaves the stage. Kitty knows vaudeville and her audience. She was together in 1923 in "The Dream Girl" in N. at the Hill-street, and what a "dynamic act" she does! However, leaves the stage.

Then, to the Belasco, to chat with our dear friend, Fay Bainter, whom we were with in 1925 in "The Dream Girl" in N. at the Hill-street, and what a "dynamic act" she does! However, leaves the stage. Kitty knows vaudeville and her audience. She was together in 1923 in "The Dream Girl" in N. at the Hill-street, and what a "dynamic act" she does! However, leaves the stage.

The big surprise this week was when the RKO called up the writer to come to the pool to check up on "Charley" (the seal) tap dance (with tap shoes and all).

Every once in a while you read about new "influxes" IN HOLLYWOOD—NOW. The latest "plague" is the "cigar comedian." We noticed at the Friday night Legion fight, that B. B. B. was in, in a nasty "rug," and then Jim Ney, burning his lamp; Jack White and Gene Morgan, both cooking an "Owl," and then the "cigar comic," Joe Frisco, with his "heat-er" stuttered and spluttered into his seat. Can you imagine the situation? B. B. B. was in, in a nasty "rug," and then Jim Ney, burning his lamp; Jack White and Gene Morgan, both cooking an "Owl," and then the "cigar comic," Joe Frisco, with his "heat-er" stuttered and spluttered into his seat.

To the Brown Derby for lunch with Redmond Wells, who is still vacationing. What's wrong? A funny man (and a good one too), on the loose for quite a time. Redmond Wells, who is still vacationing. What's wrong? A funny man (and a good one too), on the loose for quite a time.

See Edgar Allan Woolf is in town. We worked together on LeMaires Affairs in 1925. Just another good writer, gone Hollywood! Bill Phillips, with a "liard-bald haircut," now playing the colored part in the "talkie" version of "The Gorilla," and another ex-Winter Gardenite, Jack Gardner, next to us at the fites, getting hot over the main event. That cute trick Ann B. Pennington, back in town. Yes, "Penney" takes us back to "Scandals of 1927."

To the "Gorilla," and another ex-Winter Gardenite, Jack Gardner, next to us at the fites, getting hot over the main event. That cute trick Ann B. Pennington, back in town. Yes, "Penney" takes us back to "Scandals of 1927."

An honest-to-goodness critic and writer at the Brown Derby, our friend, Ashton Benson, from Chicago, looking great. And at another table "Skeets" Gallagher, in close conversation with Walter Catlett, the ex-Chicago stars, who are here IN HOLLYWOOD, and very good in "talkies."

Met "Dumpty" at the downtown visiting the Orpheum offices on an important mission to be divulged later, noticed that when now and then, with a tray, a girl high in the air, in front of theatre, to draw into the theatre. What is vaudeville coming to? When the "act" was thru, the "barker" started, and then the usual happened—the "suckers" took the "air." What is vaudeville coming to? When the "act" was thru, the "barker" started, and then the usual happened—the "suckers" took the "air."

Let's couple of "swell" talk at a ta-

ORDINANCE COVER FAD TO BE REQUESTED

possibility of a serious blow being struck the Tom Thumb golf courses was felt here this week with the possibility that the city council may have brought before it a demand for some sort of ordinance governing operation of such courses.

In many quarters it is felt that the baby golf proprietors, who have been cleaning up on the racket, should be forced to close at certain hours, after complaints that many of the spots run till the early morning hours, with bright lights, shouting and disturbances, particularly as many of the courses are located in neighborhood areas. Passage of an ordinance is declared necessary because the Tom Thumbs are not, according to opinion, covered by present local regulations as to licensing, control, etc., following a reading the present wording of city ordinances covering such courses.

Similar action was also reported under consideration in other cities this week.

WINTER GARDEN GAG SOCKS S. F.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—This city has gone completely mad over the antics of the late Winter Garden stars, who have proven so popular with San Franciscans and have proved such a boxoffice add to theatres that public this week added a Saturday midnight show to each of its houses, the California and St. Francisco. The Paramount has had them for three weeks.

In addition Warren B. Irons has announced Saturday midnight shows for his Capitol, which opens a season of burlesque tonight. This, together with the Fox, makes a total of five midnight shows on Saturday for this town.

able in the "Blossom Room," both with its "Scandals," Mary Mulhern and Rose Perfect. Mary is the real ideal show girl, and Rose a regular prima-donna. Her and her voice are perfect. (What a coincidence!)

We were finally split, in the matter of going back, sitting in Henry's with Sam Kramer, an ex-agent, and Redmond Wells. Then came Ed Kane, the man who made Ziegfeld famous. Sam and Ed both started battling about 500, and telling about the good old days when they played 18 shows a day in Chicago. Well, we just kept our mouth shut. They stopt us from going back that night. We are just feeling compared to all this IN HOLLYWOOD—NOW.

The tap-dancing bug has finally hit me. I mention that while downtown visiting the Orpheum offices on an important mission to be divulged later, noticed that when now and then, with a tray, a girl high in the air, in front of theatre, to draw into the theatre. What is vaudeville coming to? When the "act" was thru, the "barker" started, and then the usual happened—the "suckers" took the "air." What is vaudeville coming to? When the "act" was thru, the "barker" started, and then the usual happened—the "suckers" took the "air."

Let's couple of "swell" talk at a ta-

Legitimate Theatres

"SUBWAY EXPRESS" MAYAN THEATRE LOS ANGELES (Reviewed June 30)

A novel play by Eva Kay Flint and Martha Madison, a murder mystery, notable for clever flashbacks, excellent theatre and splendid direction.

It is novelly staged within the interior of a subway car, clever mechanics producing all the illusion of a moving train. A murder is committed before the eyes of the audience, but how it was done and who did it remains a mystery until the final curtain. The best of the dopsters in the first-night audience were unable to figure it out in advance.

Ralph Simone, Chester Erskine's right-hand man, directed the production for the latter. A large cast, complicated business, fast cross-fire dialogue and ceaseless action received masterly handling, and only once was it necessary to throw a lifeline.

Among the principals were Hugh Kidder, the victim of the murder, who walked on, sat down, and thereafter was required to sit rigidly motionless for the remainder of the play; Lillian Rich, his young wife; her illicit lover and husband's partner, Edgar Reeves; Fred H. Hargrave, the murdered man's clerk; Victor Rodman, subway employee; Roland Hansen and Demetrius Alessi, two Italians who started the fight during which the shot was fired that was credited with the killing; Leo Carley, police inspector.

Numerous other characters included familiar New York subway types, workmen, young lovers, drunken sailors, a Jewish family, a school teacher, store girls, housewives and middle-aged married couples; all of them having something to do with the action, all with speaking parts, and all excellently cast and drilled.

Also worthy of note were: Richard Curtis, motorman; Al Hallett, conductor; Gust and Jimmy Dicks, youngsters; Dorothy Bay, school-

marm; Evan Pearson, a suspect, and William Humphrey, a deaf man.

Others in this outstanding cast were: Bertha Blackman, A. Rosenthal, Lillian Stuart, Robert Linden, Virginia Crawford, Robert White, Helen Hinkel, Sebastian Mann, Harry Lee Ray, Elliott Duvey, C. Russell Sage, Harry Willard, Etsa Raynor, Sam Morris, Messrs. Pitcher, Eugene Renard, Betty Todd, Eva Pearson, Josephine Brannan, Helen Lind, Olga Ellison, Harry Ellis, Josephine Brannan, Margaret Armstrong, Rand Barker, Roy Watson and Garland Kerr.

"Subway Express" is one of the season's outstanding productions. An orchestra furnished most acceptable music fore, aft and between acts.

YEATES.

"MOLLY MACGADALE" MAYAN THEATRE LOS ANGELES (Reviewed July 2)

"Molly Magdalene" is a dramatic tragedy-play, that results in a diverting evening of melodramatic entertainment.

It combines the paralytic key character recently exemplified in "Kibitzer," the last-seared moralizer of "Rain" with the setting of "Hell Bent For Heaven" and the thematic game of throwing a dip show-girl into a backwoods' family for resultant complications.

It's one of those plays, concerning which you can predict correctly every important happening after the first act, but which constantly managed to trick you into expecting something new and thus is able to maintain its suspense in spite of the obvious materials. This is due chiefly to the inherent soundness of the main dramatic conflict between the innocent tarnished show-girl and the Bible-quoting menace.

First act lays the setting in the Hamar home in a midwest backwoods, with the symbolic train running through their property. (Continued on Page 11)

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INSIDE FACTS

Of Stage and Screen

Published Every Saturday
One Year \$4.00 Foreign \$5.00
Advertising Rates on Application

As a bi-monthly publication: Entered as Second Class Matter, November 17, 1924, at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.
As a weekly publication: Entered as Second Class Matter, April 29, 1925, at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published by
Inside Facts Publishing Company, Inc.
800-801 Warner Bros. Downtown Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
Telephone TUCKER 7832

JACK JOSEPHS President and Editor
ARTHUR WM. GREEN Vice Pres. and Counsel
WILLIAM C. OWENS Secretary and General Manager
Vol. XII Saturday, July 5, 1930 No. 1

And Now, What?

Despite dollars, time, energy and industry, despite an unusual array of Broadway songsmiths, directors, writers, singers, dancers, comedians and dance-masters; despite technical, multicolor, and any other kind of color; despite wide screens and fancy screens, publicity, exploitation and balletism, the new art form, the screen musical, with its three divisions—the revue, musical play and opera, has proven the most complete and unmitigated flop in the entire history of amusement.

Some there are who will deny this statement. Others will qualify it. Others will present a score of excuses. And the second-guessers can think up more extenuating circumstances than a villainy criminal lawyer.

The smart lawyer may save his client from a sentence of the noose. But there is no excuse for the screen wizard who tossed billions into the talkie melting pot to get a curdled mixture of public apathy and, in instances, positive disapproval.

All the alibis in the world won't kid away those little red marks in the ledger of the greatest popularity poll on earth. Fox locked the barn a bit late by changing the title of the second "Movie Polls" edition to "Screen's Wild Party" and playing up El Brendel and Marjorie White in the billing and publicity. That was a dodge that reflects credit on somebody's thinking and the "Not a Revue" billing was another.

But the big damage has been done and drastic action must be taken to hold public patronage. Just how that action is taken will afford an interesting spectacle.

Film Row

Cuttings

By FRED YEATES

Last Monday, a warm day, had all the sound effects of a naval review along the Row. The regular curb convention lined up to watch the battleships (and some of the battle ships) sail down Vermont avenue, and every once in a while there would be a loud bang as some craft, presumably, fired a salute. Said craft, however, never seemed to enjoy the privilege, as they would have to at the nearest vantage curb, and the pilot would step out, scratch a sweating brow, and dig down in the magazine for the jack and the iron.

We have said, it was a warm day, with many declines in rubber. Back from his vacation tour of the Northwest, M. Klein has ascended the throne of his new position at Columbia exchange name, that of office manager. He was formerly the booker. His predecessor in office, M. J. E. McCarty, who is to go out on sales, spent the week-end in the great outdoors getting himself into training for his new job duties, but his little compulsion of the unusual exposure, and now he wears a coat-hanger under his coat to keep the weight off from blistered shoulders.

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Mike Newman was a visitor on the Row from San Diego, full of vim and vigor. . . .

Bill Quinn, of the Advance Trailer Co., is telling a new Scotch story, but which he declares is no Scotch. Quinn is marketing a new series of exit and intermission records, and says a local exhibitor with a Scotch name returned a package after trying them out, but because they caused too much wear and tear on his floors. People insist on stamping their feet to the music.

A Scotchman worthy of his race would have made a tie-up with the local shoe repair shop.

Quinn says his only objection to "Mammy" was the street scene where Johnson stepped aside to avoid some equine "signs." The point is well taken. There are practically no horses on our downtown streets. . . .

F. E. Benson's Los Angeles office copied first place in the next-to-last returns on the United Artists nationwide sales contest, which is some record for Benny, as they were at the bottom of the list when he took the office back last March. The lead, however, is narrow, his percentage being 102.5 against the Indianapolis showing of 102.2, but he figures that a big bunch of contracts tossed in at the last minute give him safe lead in the final return.

Salesman E. W. MacLean forged up to ninth place in the individual records, despite an attack of quinsy that laid him up for two weeks. Division Manager Bersohn has easily clinched first place in division ratings. . . .

Guy S. Gunderson, office manager of U. A. exchange, is taking a much-needed vacation, the first in years, and is aboard a boat with his family at Balboa Beach. Guy is one of the oldest employees along Film Row, and at the same time one of the youngest. . . .

Lola Gentry is expected back from her northern trip almost any day now. . . .

Letters From

Facts Readers

These discussions do not necessarily reflect the editorial opinion of this paper. If you disagree with us, say it anyway.

SANTA MONICA, June 30.—That article in last week's Facts by Gene Swift sure hit the nail on the head. Dramatic plays without incidental music are an out and out frost.

As long as the legit managers neglect that feature of the entertainment they can expect to stay in the rut they dug for themselves when the music was eliminated.

Going to a dramatic play now always is like attending a boxing bout only less exciting. After a lot of chattering in the audience the gong sounds and the battle is on.

Some smart manager give us the musical trimmings of yesteryear with a good dramatic production and the result will be a financial and artistic success.
HARRY LAMBERT.

Snacks

Of Facts

James Hall and Merna Kennedy at the "Molly Magdalen" opening . . . a goodly movie crowd was there . . . a pretty newcomer, Wynne Gibson, made a hit in the leading role . . . Bill Oliver, with that black velvet hat, chatting with Phil Scheuer between the acts . . . heavy applause for the "good old" melodrama.

Celebs at the Midsummer Jubilee . . . on the stage and in the audience . . . One of those nights of nights . . . more dancing girls than you ever saw anywhere . . . a fine tribute to a fine institution . . . and the traffic jam after the big show.

Ben Rosenberg down from San Francisco and calling on old friends of the delegation from Chicago—crashing the front pages for a gangland echo of the Lingle murder . . . What's George Lait exclaiming now? . . . Jerry Wilkins Hill, manager of Shanley and Furness' Yorkshire Hotel, in the lobby of the Mason between the acts trying to solve "Subway Express" and getting it cock-eyed.

Dick Wallick taking in the new thriller . . . John Hill, another thrill-chaser . . . Charlie Miller of Equity, looking it over . . . chatting with his predecessor, Wedgewood Nowell . . . now a radio personality . . . Frank Brunner having a great time . . . George Riley, worthy-looking new actor, "missionary" for "Ingrati," preparing to go to Canada.

Rudy Wintner and Ira Gay returning from a week-end trip to Balboa . . . Fritzie Bullard with a Broadway yearling stepping suddenly from an automobile . . . Wallace R. Stark playing a one-night stand at the Figueroa Playhouse . . . one up on the "Dedicated." . . . There goes the fire department!

SET DAYLIGHT

SAVING DRIVE

First gun in the show business opposition to the attempts to foist the daylight saving gun on this state was fired off this week, when hundreds of film houses simultaneously commenced flashing on their screens the word "tra-la" telling an opposition story to the plotless day of the pro-daylight saving minority.

Trailers are built about the line does "California need more sunshine?" and are meeting with much better reaction, all things short as not to irritate patrons.

Meanwhile the fight on the attempt to put the silly stunt over the heads of the patrons is waiting until the elections.

Then the big campaign is expected to be waged, with the majority opinion likely to over-ride the minority group that selfishly is attempting to put the daylight saving silly over here.

TE-A-PHONY

by JAMES MADISON

Hello, Henry Mencken.
Hello, James Madison.
Newspaper ads announced that he seven days as "Scot Tissue" week.

I suppose every customer was presented with a copy of THE SPECIALIST.

Hello, Red Lighter.
Hello, James Madison.
They tell me that a Scotchman although close, overlooks his friends' shortcomings.

In other words, he's forgiving even if not for giving.

Hello, Rubie Goldberg.
Hello, James Madison.
What's a comic strip?
An old maid disrobing.

Hello, John P. Medbury.
Hello, James Madison.

What is your slant on life?
Some folks who have a reputation for being close-mouthed, are only waiting for some one to bring back the cuspidor.

Hello, Harry Master and Dorothy Graves.
Hello, James Madison.
I understand that in his new picture Flo Ziegfeld will use ten thousand diving beauties.
That's good cause it will be "Twenty Thousand Legs Under the Sea."

"BAD MAN" PREMIERE

Warner Brothers staged a midnight world premiere for the Spanish version of "The Bad Man," starring Antonio Moreno at their Downtown here Saturday night, drawing a packed house of consuls, newspaper and magazine correspondents of Latin countries, and many Mexican and Spanish business men and civic leaders to view the opening, with considerable favorable comment on the handling of the film. Walter Huston is starred in the English version of the late Holbrook Blinn stage hit.

UNIVERSAL PICKS UP

After a hull of about three months, Universal is now preparing for a busy production period. First picture to go into production since the slack season will be "Boudoir Diplomat," adapted by Rudolf Lothar and Fritz Gottwald, with Mal St. Clair as director.

NEW DANCE DIRECTOR

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—Paramount-Public has sent out Val Nicolai from his New York headquarters to take the chorus-directing job in Harry Gourlay's coast production unit. The name, "Suzyette Steppers," will be discontinued in Chicago after the weather had the girls will be designated by the name of the unit.

FRANK HILL BACK

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—Frank B. Hill returned this week from his 15 weeks as manager of the Charlotte Greenwood road show, "She Couldn't Say No," which Henry Duff put out. Show closed in Chicago after the weather had taken its boxoffice toll, following a successful season on the road.

MURIEL STARR RETURNS

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—Muriel Starr, legit player, arrived here this week from Los Angeles, where she spent the last five years as a featured player and as head of her own company. She dropped all her money in the latter venture and is now en route to Hollywood, where she will make a try for the talkers.

BULLOCK RETURNS

Wynne Bullock, tenor, son of Judge Georgia Bullock, has returned to the United States after a year and a half spent in study and concert work in Italy and France. Bullock has been in the New York Music Box Revue and has sung in numerous Coast theatres prior to his European trip.

Hello, Ray Huling.
Hello, James Madison.
What will happen when prohibition is written off the Constitution?

The wets will put "amen" in AMENDMENT.

Hello, Ben Ami.
Hello, James Madison.

Do you endorse Germany's plan of making bachelors pay for the privilege of single blessedness?

Yes, indeed; all luxuries should be taxed.

Hello, Larry Ceballos.
Hello, James Madison.
What is your philosophy in life?

Nothing matters — except a bowl.

Hello, Bert Levy.
Hello, James Madison.

Is it true that Methodists believe in disarming?

Well, some of them want to get rid of Canton.

Hello, Bern Bernard.
Hello, James Madison.

Science claims we can hear with our teeth.

That's great. If there's anything you don't wish to listen to, simply shut your mouth.

STUDENTS GRADUATE

Thirteen students were graduated from the Pasadena Community Playhouse School of Theatre, June 28, and were presented with diplomas by Gilmore Brown, director. The graduates were: Laddie Kaulbach, Oskow Stevenson, Mildred Stockwell, Douglas Cooper, Florence Buck, Catherine Turner, Thomas Hurt, Eugene Terian, Mary Duckett, Joan Wadsworth, Al Willard, Margaret Tupper and Mary Lou Clarke.

KIRK OFFICE CLOSING

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—Peggy Kirk closes her theatrical booking office in the Warfield Building this week and will retire from the business. She will be married in a short time to William Morland, non-pro.

BOOKER TRANSFERRED

Joely Jones, F. & M. booker in Kansas City, has been transferred to the Los Angeles office. Previous to that he had been in charge of R. K. O. booker in Kansas City.

DOVE DIVORCE GRANTED

Billie Dove, under her real name of Lillian Bohny Willat, was granted divorce from her director husband, Irvin Willat, in Superior Judge Harry R. Archbald's court here this week on grounds of cruelty.

WHAT IS THE COMEDIAN?

A publication issued on the first of each month for movie, radio, entertainers and professional humorists.

What are the contents consist of?

All new laughs in the form of monologue material, gags for F. & M. parties, first-party jokes, wise cracks, funny song titles, etc.

What the price?
One dollar a copy, or \$10 by yearly subscription.

Then your money will be returned at once without argument.

Who is THE COMEDIAN published by?

WALTER LONGWORTH
P. O. Box 138, Vine St. Station
Hollywood, Calif.

Harold J. BockManager
PHONE DOUGLAS 2213**Market St.
Gleanings**

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—As if the profession doesn't always have enough unfavorable publicity San Francisco daily newspapers have gone previous efforts one better in connection with several local occurrences during the past month. One was a disappearance, another a death, and in neither was the profession involved until the dailies had gotten their fingers in the pie.

The first case concerns a college graduate who had taken part in a senior class play, and who disappeared off a boat while en route to Los Angeles. The papers, naturally, carried the news but within three days all headlines proclaimed the 20-year-old girl as an "actress," "Thespian" and "prominent theatrical woman."

The other instance occurred last week when a bride of three months died. She had worked as an extra on two pictures and previous to her marriage has been a magazine solicitor. Yet the papers referred to her as "actress," "film player" and one even went so far as to call her a "motion picture star."

SPOTLIGHTS

Anson Weeks returning from New York . . . and all San Francisco giving him a hand on his re-opening at the Mark Hopkins . . . among the handers being Jack Spriggs and his pipe . . . Ron and Don without their baby console, and sharing one gal among themselves . . . Edna Fischer and her mystery-headed husband, Milt Hayes . . . at a table with Rosetta and Vivian Duncan, George Grandee and others . . . the Duncans inviting us to view their show at the Geary . . . Carol Laughner and Phil Harris dropping in to take a peep at Anson . . . Bob Lee wandering about . . . Herb Fleishacker, the big feetball star, there with Margaret Perry of the "Strictly Dishonorable" company . . . and, believe it or not, not a song plunger in sight . . . the Greater KYA opening . . . Lewis Lacey showing the boys he can announce as well as manage a stage . . . George Taylor, George

SAN FRANCISCO

OAKLAND—SACRAMENTO—SAN JOSE

**HOT WEATHER HITS BUSINESS
IN S. F.; FOX HAS ANNIVERSARY**

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—A sudden wave of hot weather hit a lot of the cinema palaces below the belt this week, causing them severe pains in the box-offices. Outstanding thing in town was the first anniversary of the Fox, which big house took one of its sweetest figures in many weeks. "With Byrd at the South Pole" started off slowly for the California while at the Warfield "Richest Man in the World" topped the first week of "King of Jazz" by a couple of grand.

A. M. Bowles booked Dobbin, and his gang into the Fox for an 8 a. m. Saturday show, packing the entire house for this milkman's matinee. In addition, there was Fanchon and Marco's "Rose Garden" Idea, Walt Roemer and concert orchestra and Will Rogers in Fox's "So This Is London!" all of which drew in approximately \$60,000.

With Metro's "Richest Man in the World," Loew's Warfield grossed \$17,000—not the best figure in the world but at that a lot better than some of the bigger pictures have done.

Public had a rather mediocre week. It's California with the first stanza of Charles Byrd in "With Byrd at the South Pole," started slowly and climbed a bit, ending with \$16,000 in the register. It stays. The St. Francis with "The Big Pond" did \$14,000, while

Nickson, Tom Smith, Dud Williams, Freddie (gordon, Frederick J.) Heward, Helen Stone, Greta Dean, Virginia Spencer, Greta Gahler, Fred and Buttercup Eilers, Clem Kennedy, John Cope, Harry Bechtel . . . claiming he's a distant relative of ours . . . the very idea . . . Charlie Concanan, Dudley Ayres, Yvonne Peterson . . . all ahrill over the new station "the Walkathon" . . . Henry Starr volunteering a number . . . Howard Ross viewing proceedings from a box . . . Abe Bloom watching from another side . . . Dick Madam Medley Anderson on the make.

Famous lies of show business: "Delia Belasco" . . . huh, I put him in show business."

**Oakland
Pickups**

OAKLAND, July 3.—When the advance ticket sale for "Student Prince" at the Auditorium was

n.s.e. Louis Macloon refused to open the show for its three-day run and refunded what money had already been taken in.

Publicity to the dailies explained that the star, Allan Prior, was ill. Macloon and Lillian Albers put the "New Moon" into the Grand Lake a few weeks ago and will bring "Last Mile" in after a few San Francisco runs.

Coincident with the sudden closing of three other Duffy houses in San Francisco and Los Angeles came the darkening of the Duflin where Gladys George was on the boards in "The Crooks." No plans have been announced.

The Orpheum has discontinued its 24-sheet stands.

Edward Everett Horton closes his engagement as guest star at George Ebey's Fulton this week and returns to Hollywood. Bela Lugosi opens July 6 in his favorite piece, "Dracula."

The aeronautical exposition at the municipal airport, running until July 6, has put considerable of a crimp in the receipts for the current week. Several hot days in a row were no help either.

Louis Macloon was here to see Perry Askam, star of "The Desert Song" and "New Moon" whom he placed into the Fox Oakland for this week. Askam opens at Loew's State, Los Angeles, July 10.

Dominic Isabella, assistant manager of the Fox Oakland, has left for a two weeks' vacation in the Northwest.

Walter Krausgrill and orchestra have been signed for Neptune Beach.

BARUSCH IS P. A.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—Walter Barusch has been named press agent for Warren Irons' burlesque show at the Capitol.

KRESS BLDG.**935 Market St.,**

Office Suite 504

**MORE TROUBLES
GIVEN GOLDTREE**

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—The city of San Francisco, continuing its fight against Sid Goldtree and his Green Street Theatre, announced that it would revoke the permit to give shows in the building under the basis that the theatre is in a Class C structure, whereas the law specifies a Class A building for theatres.

However, while Sid Goldtree was lying in the Dante Hospital undergoing an operation, house aldermen declared that there was no truth to newspaper stories on the permit revocation and that the house would remain open.

The city's fight against Goldtree started a number of months ago when Capt. Arthur Layne and his moral squad raided the Green Street on charges of presenting an immoral performance, and repeatedly hauled Goldtree and the performers into court. A series of jury trials subsequently freed the group and performances were resumed.

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VACATIONING**

this summer
WHY NOT LEARN
to write, read and execute
dances the scientific way,
and save weeks of toil
preparing new stage routines?

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WARFIELD THEATRE BLDG.

San Francisco

PROFESSIONALS ALWAYS WELCOME

"Le Serbin" "St. Francis"

General Manager Production Dept.

**STORIES ARE DENIED**

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—Recently published stories to the effect that Rodney and Lloyd Panjures have purchased the Union square (formerly Hippodrome) S. O'Farrell street are pronounced untrue by Harrigan, Weidenmuller and Co., realtors handling the house.

G. & M.ATTRACTIVE THEATRICAL
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created and costumed all dance numbers now on tour Fox Circuit with

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ANNOUNCE THAT, BEGINNING JULY 1, THEY WILL PRODUCE THE FLOOR SHOW AT SAN FRANCISCO'S

CAFE MARQUARD

With Sincerest Thanks to Mr. Harry Marquard and Mr. Alan Strong

BOB REID

Featured Singer—Master of Ceremonies

PATRICIA JOY

Prima Donna

LADIES OF THE ENSEMBLE**LILLIAN LORIS****CORAL DAVIS****DIANE MAYHEW****DOROTHY BURKE****GLORIA KING****SHIRLEY MARVIN**

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FIFTH YEAR ■ IN ASSOCIATION
WITH THE MASTER SHOWMAN ■

EDDIE PEABODY

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■ OPENING AT THE FOX THEATRE, ST. LOUIS
JULY 11th ■ STARTING A TWENTY-FOUR
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Vancouver

By A. K. MacMARTIN

Calvin Winter, leader of the band at the RKO Orpheum, is doubling at Happyland, Hastings Park, where he opened with a new dance band of ten pieces last week. Between holding down the RKO spot and rehearsing his new syncopators for the dancing job, Cal put in a busy ten days recently. Incidentally the p. a. for Happyland has killed him like a circus and the fans don't nightly in large numbers to this hug and shuffle floor, which up to the coming of the new band had been deserted.

The local b. o.'s got a break from the weather man during the current innings. Rainy days and cool nights saw a parade from the beaches to the show-shops. The Capitol opened slow but built up daily from word-of-mouth boosting by the fans, with M-G-M's "Caught Short" featuring Marie Dressler and Polly Moran. The RKO Orpheum with Sylvia Clark, and Bob Kuhn in the pit, headlining the usual four acts, which all rated A-1. "Young Man From Manhattan" on the screen, did their usual big business.

First National's "Sweetheart and Wives" at the Strand did average biz. W. B.'s "Song of the West" at the Dominion was a fair draw. The Sharkey vs. Schlemfing fight pictures and "Men Without Women" at the Beacon did well. The B. G. Players at the Empress offered "The Man From Taronito" to almost full houses nightly.

IDEA IS BALLYHOOD

SEATTLE, July 3.—The Fox Fifth Avenue tied up with practically every important candy company in town in a successful effort to ballyhoed Fanchon and Maco's "Box O' Candy Idea." The companies made clever displays of their products in the lobby of the theatre.

SEATTLE IS LED BY PARAMOUNT

SEATTLE, July 3.—It has been many a day since the Paramount led town in grossing the bait for the week, but this week it came through with flying colors to the tune of 18,000 berries. The reason: Delores Del Rio in "The Bad One," together with a fine stage show, brought them in.

The Fifth Avenue was next in the race, totaling \$16,000 with John Gilbert on the screen and an excellent Fanchon and Marco stage show.

The Orpheum ran a close third, registering \$13,000 for the week. The Fox, with a third week on the Will Rogers opus, brought in \$7,000, which is considered this house's average.

The Blue Mouse, with the last week of "Captain of the Guard," made a figure of \$6,500 while the Music Box, across the street, took in \$5,500 even though John Barrymore was holding the boards in "The Man From Blankley."

The Met, another Publix spot, took in a mealy \$3,900 for such an excellent drawing power picture as "Puttin' on the Ritz."

FILM LOCATION

SEATTLE, July 3.—George Bertholon, business manager for the making of the "Silver Horde" new RKO picture, arrived here last week as advance man for the company scheduled to play in the picture. Among those who will arrive later are: Evelyn Brent, Raymond Hutton, Joe McKee, Louis Waldman and George Archambault, the director. Although most of the picture is to be filmed in the vicinity of Ketchikan, the company will go through several scenes on the Seattle water front.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—Leo, M-G-M living trademark, was here this week making personal appearances at the Fox and Warfield theatres, as well as parading Market street.

ADVENTURE FILM GAG IN SEATTLE

SEATTLE, July 3.—Seattle has gone "adventure crazy." Practically every large movie house has an adventure or traveltogue picture featured on the bill. The Paramount has "With Byrd at the South Pole," the Columbia still retains "Inland," doing good business on the publicity given it on its authenticity; the Blue Mouse has a Martin and Johnson traveltogue, and the Liberty has "Gow" with Capt. Edward Salisbury making personal appearances daily.

NEW MUSIC CO. PLUGS 2 TUNES

SEATTLE, July 3.—Alice Lou Sweet is head of a new music company with main headquarters here. Plug numbers featured in the concern's initial catalogue are: "Oh, Mother of Mine," a waltz, and "If You Could Be a Sweetheart All To Me Alone," a fox-trot tune. Both numbers are already starting to get a break locally.

BAKER ARRIVES AS PUBLIX HEAD

SEATTLE, July 3.—A. W. Baker, who has been manager of the Paramount Theatre in Dallas, Tex., will arrive in Seattle this week to become manager of the new Publix of Public houses. W. A. Hartung, who has been the local manager for Publix since the first of the year, will be transferred to another of the organization's houses, to be announced later.

MCBEAN AT KPQW

SEATTLE, July 3.—Gordon McBean who was formerly with the Gloom Chasers, Harmony organization, which proved very popular with Pacific Northwest fans, has switched from the harmony type of song to Jewish character work. He has joined the staff of KPQW and presents his original set "Prof. Scintzenheimer's Lectures."

SETTLE ORPH MATTER

SEATTLE, July 3.—A settlement has been effected with the Orpheum Theatre by a committee of the local Musicians' Union whereby the orchestra men at the Orpheum have better conditions and will receive better pay.

Success and Welcome to

Johnnie Goldsmith

James Youman

Lillian Hunt

and entire company of the
CAPITOL THEATRE

"Lew" Serbin—"Sol" Reimes

Dance Art Shoe Co.

Warfield Theatre Bldg.

San Francisco

Notes Along Fifth Avenue

Emma Jane Eppler in from Alaska again . . . and out again . . . what a busy girl—Frank Sweet out playing golf . . . and trying to improve his masnie shoes . . . without avail—Owen Sweet going out to dinner . . . I'll bet that man can eat, like nobody's business.

Meyer and Tiny Burnett doing office routine . . . and doing it well—Betty Shilton in at Fuss 'N' Boots . . . complaining about the tearing up of the streets—Jim Clemmer in the lobby . . . making everybody happy . . . which is free nowadays—Tod Parsons back from a vacation . . . tanned? . . . you bet!

Paul Spor being introduced—Eddie Magill going to the theatre . . . on the job, as usual—Sammy Gore doing a dance . . . and getting away with it—Jean Singer talking in the dough . . . a girl whose voice is worth a mint.

Muriel Gardner in at Coffee Dail's . . . singing the blues—Grant Brown in at Sherman-Clay's . . . for some more music . . . as he didn't have enough already—Bob McFarlane, Lloyd Fadden, Marion Felt, Gordy Ruh, Jack Anshutz and the press smoking their first cigar . . . and liking it—Oh, Yeah?

DOLIN IN SEATTLE

SEATTLE, July 3.—Max Dolin, former NBC star of the violin, paid the Northwest a visit this week prior to opening the Pacific Northwest Exposition, to be held in Seattle during August.

Sweet Songs

Are Coming • They're
Not Only Sweet, But
They're Hits •

Artists~Watch For These!

"Oh, Mother of Mine"
Waltz

A New Mother Song
And Different — Also

"If You Could Be a
Sweetheart to Me All
Alone"

A Knockout Fox-trot
Hit

Alice Lou Sweet, Inc.

"Sing Sweet Songs"

507 Seattle Theatre Studios
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

MEYERS' VICTOR CLUB IS RAIDED

SEATTLE, July 3.—Fourteen dry agents entered the Club Victor, exclusive Seattle night club, early yesterday in what probably will go down in local history as the last raid, the dry raiders under the old regime will make, Carl Jackson being the new chief.

This is the first raid the club has known, although such a thing has been expected for some time in these parts.

Vic Meyers, popular orchestra leader and proprietor, was arrested together with ten patrons. So quietly did the raiders work that only a few in the crowded night club knew that a raid was in progress.

After a night in jail, Meyers, still wearing his dress suit, was taken before the United States Commissioner in special session and was arraigned on charges of possession and maintaining a common nuisance.

Through his attorney, Ralph Hory, Meyers waived preliminary hearing and posted \$1,500 bail. The case will be held before the next federal grand jury.

MRS. PINCUS DEAD

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—Mrs. Pauline Pincus, the mother of Henry Pincus, Casino manager, and sister-in-law of Ralph Pincus, Columbia manager, died last week at her home here.

HANDLES OPERA SALE

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—Frank Sigilla, former assistant treasurer of the Columbia, will have charge of the ticket sale for the grand opera season, opening August 1.

WANTED

for Orient and Far East—American Variety Acts, Trios, Girl Acts, Cabaret Performers, Tab Show.

ANY ARTISTS OR MANAGERS

interested in a tour of Japan, China, Philippines, Java, Malay States, Burma and India, communicate with

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SPOT LITES
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PORTABLE
SWITCHBOARDS
DIMMERS
GELATINE
EFFECTS

WESTMORE
6 1 7 1

Legitimate

(Continued from Page 5)

The father is paralyzed, John the youngest son is kept in subjection by his reactionary, moralistic elder brother, Simon. The train jumps the track in their very yard, an impressive and novel off-stage effect, with some of the injured brought into the Hardy home.

The girl, who has finally succumbed to the importunities of the show-bucker that very night, is one of the victims, while her se-

ducer dies as a result of the wreck. John falls for the girl and offers to marry her (not knowing of the seduction). The girl confesses to the paralyzed old man, who has the ability to hear, and he smiles his consent to the marriage, but Simon hears the confession.

They have a child, and one Sunday while the family goes to church, Simon stays home on a pretext and finally tries to "take" the girl. In the following struggle a heavy flower-pot is knocked from a balcony, killing the child. Simon accuses the girl and brings out that she had been "with the show manager." Things look pretty bad, when the aged father

manages to speak and get over the true story of what happened.

If this isn't good old melodrama, then "Way Down East" was so sophisticated farce. This newspaper has several times recently contended that a well turned out melodrama should hit with Los Angeles legit theatre-goers, the strangest mob to please in theatre history.

With all the boys going for sophisticated and pseudo-sophisticated stuff and a heavy population of retired middle-western farmers demanding mellers, Al Rosen may have grabbed a winner with this smoothly-written thriller by Crane Wilbur. Time will tell.

Wilbur directed as well as writing the play and playing the role of Simon in such an effective manner as to greatly build up the air of verisimilitude given the hoke plot essentials.

Wynne Gibson, a charming miss, gave a good account of herself as the show-girl, presenting an interesting solo effort of about ten or fifteen minutes in the second act, where she described a show to the old father. A few rough edges in her work should round out with several performances.

Georges Renevant had the tiresome job of sitting motionless for three acts and handled his "miracle scene" very nicely. Cornelius Keefe

gave a clean-cut performance as the younger brother, Hedwiga Reicher set the tragic tempo with her work as the mother, George F. Hays turned in a nice job as another brother, doing comedy relief, and Eban Allen played a sheriff in the last act so as to greatly build up this trite situation.

Minor parts were ably handled by Dorothy Sills, Jack Egan, F. Frank Curran and Theodore Adams.

GIBBONS.

MAMOULIAN RE-SIGNED

Reuben Mamoulian, who directed "Applause," has been signed by Paramount to direct another.

SUCCESS AND BEST WISHES TO

LARRY CEBALLOS

FROM

KEN and DE BARD BROS.

MY SINCERE APPRECIATION TO

LARRY CEBALLOS

FROM

VIOLET M. BARLOW

THE ELONGATED COMEDIENNE

CHARLES E. HOGAN PRESENTS

BUDDY HOWE

Fanchon and Marco's "Victor Herbert" Idea at Loew's State, Los Angeles, This Week

FANCHON and MARCO

PRESENT

DANTE BARRÉ and DOLITE

FEATURED IN

FANCHON AND MARCO'S "VICTOR HERBERT" IDEA AT LOEW'S STATE, LOS ANGELES, THIS WEEK

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STILL HEADLINING FOR

FANCHON & MARCO

"CADETS" IDEA

P. M. BORN AND LAWRENCE **THIS IS OUR SECOND IDEA** **THANKS, SAMMY ROSE**

Facts' Echoes From Melody Land

Hot Licks of Music

By JACK B. TENNEY

Life is much like a musical composition. Under the skilled artistry of creative genius it may be a beautiful symphony. With the execution of blundering fingers born of little feeling and complete lack of imagination a beautiful thing is distorted and twisted beyond recognition. There is an art in living that is little dreamed of.

All life is an illusion—a passing phantasy that is always fading into the mist of pale sunsets. The artist reaches out in pathetic eagerness to perpetuate the elusive beauty—to hold fast with trembling fingers the dissolving moment of idealized perfection.

The opalescent vapor of imagination is an amethyst pastel over the rugged and harsh panorama of life. Failing to grasp something of the artistry of life, we are as mad as Hamlet and as despairing as Macbeth.

The thought is persistent—there is an art in living that is little dreamed of.

The safe game in our big city certainly does not seem so hot. Rather puzzling that the fifth largest city in the United States should be so unexciting and unlight-club minded. Max Fisher's, Coffee Dan's and the Penn Pans have gone the way of many others, and Ray West has pulled out of the Ray West Cafe, the place to reopen this week as the Follies Boring with Joe Tenner and his orchestra doing their darndest to inveigle the necessary business. George Olsen alone seems to be hitting it off with any promise.

Glen Ducey, at the finish of the Pom Pom, moved himself, his drums and aggregation down to Wilmington at the Tavern. After many raids and one thing or another, Glen went home and left the Tavern to its own devices.

Al Burgess, one of the genial lads up at Robbins, is a great salesman. Al knows all those little tricks that make everyone want to use the firm's numbers, whether they are worth a darn or not. As we don't know of any flops, the result is quite obvious.

Ben Bernie and his orchestra are clicking at the Blossom Room in the Roosevelt Hotel, following Irving Aaronson and his Commanders.

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Los Angeles

Song Leaders

LOS ANGELES

Another shuffle this week brings "Dancing With Tears" up to the top of the pack, from No. 6 of last week, but only a scant notch ahead of last week's leader, "My Future Just Passed" also takes a big leap into the money from the also-rans of last week.

1. "Dancing With Tears In My Eyes"—Witmark.
2. "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me"—Famous.
3. "Stein Song"—Radio Music Co.
4. "It Happened In Monterey"—Feist.
5. "My Future Just Passed"—Famous.
6. "So Beats My Heart"—De Sylva, Brown and Henderson.
7. "I'm In the Market For You"—Red Star.
8. "Singing a Song to the Stars"—Robbins.
9. "I Remember You From Another Kind of Love"—De Sylva, Brown and Henderson.
10. "The Moon Is Low"—Robbins.

A number from the picture "Ma-drid" is beginning to show, "Into My Heart" (Robbins). Others close behind are: "My Guitar and You," "Springtime In the Rockies," "I Love You So Much," "Down the Road a Piece," "Dream," "I Had a Girl Like You," and "Ten Cents a Dance."

RECORDS

1. "Dancing With Tears In My Eyes"—All recordings.
2. "So Beats My Heart"—Brunswick.
3. "Stein Song"—All recordings.
4. "My Guitar and You"—All recordings.
5. "It Happened In Monterey"—All recordings.
6. "The Moon Is Low"—All recordings.
7. "Singing a Song to the Stars"—All recordings.
8. "Ten Cents a Dance"—All recordings.
9. "Exactly Like You"—All recordings.
10. "On a Blue and Moonless Night"—Victor.

SAN FRANCISCO

There was hardly any change in song leaders for the current week. "New Kind of Love" and "Will My Guitar" holding to first and second places and "Monterey" continuing in third. Leaders are:

1. "New Kind of Love"—Famous.
2. "Will My Guitar"—Sherman, Clay.
3. "It Happened In Monterey"—Feist.
4. "Little Red Roses"—De Sylva, Brown and Henderson.
5. "Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder"—Remick.
6. "I Never Dreamed"—Santley.
7. "Dancing With Tears In My Eyes"—Witmark.
8. "Song of the Dawn"—Ager, Yellan and Bornstein.
9. "Singing a Song to the Stars"—Robbins.
10. "Livin' In the Sunlight"—Famous.

IMPRESSIVE FUNERAL

Members of the profession honored Buddy De Sylva, of the music publishing firm of De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, by attending the funeral of his mother on Monday, June 30. Mrs. De Sylva was 51. The services were impressive and elaborate, with many floral offerings from Buddy's numerous associates and friends.

SWING BAND SET

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—Walter Krausgrill and orchestra will act as swing band for the Liborius Hauptmann group at Wagon's Embassy, playing each Monday.

"A LITTLE SMILE"

Words and Music by
GEO. B. L. BRAUN
(A Fox Trot Reminiscence)
CONCORD PUBLISHING CO.
1179 Market St. San Francisco

WALLACE OPENS AT PARAMOUNT

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—Olive Wallace opens today as solo organist at Publix's Paramount, succeeding Ron and Don, who have been moved to the Paramount, Atlanta, opening this month.

Wallace formerly was at the United Artists and other Los Angeles theatres.

Ron and Don will take with them their baby comedies which they featured during their stay at the local Paramount, meeting with a nice reception.

Orchestra Reviews

ANSON WEEKS HOTEL MARK HOPKINS (Reviewed June 26)

There's a greatly improved Anson Weeks orchestra at the Mark Hotel—a orchestra that has a lot of smart stuff to startle the dancers who pack the Peacock Room nightly. This was Weeks' opening night after several months spent in New York where he headed the Hotel Roosevelt. There he picked up a stock of bright musical ideas, incorporated them into his eleven-piece organization. He returned to San Francisco where a throng of admirers, ranging from the leading ranks of society to civic leaders and colleagues, but always of the very highest class, paid tribute to him. The dining room was packed to overflowing while a number of hallways waited for vacant tables. Flowers and hundreds of wires and letters greeted Weeks.

A noticeable change in the orchestra is in the brass section where Weeks has put on the damper. There's no loud crash of brass—instead a quiet, crooning type of music that is exceptionally easy on the ears and great for dancing.

Personnel of this group is: Weeks, director; Jim Walsh, trombone, assistant director, vocalist; Pete Fyfe, trumpet, vocalist; Earl Morgan, sax and voice; Bill Moreing, Nick Striale, Earl Nordquist, violins; Johnny Scott, piano, and Ted Walters, bass.

HALL

F. AND M. SHOWS OUT

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—Harry Marquard has terminated the contract Fanchon and Marco had to stage floor shows at this cafe and has signed with Charles and Dawn Schuler for their floor productions. The Schulers, who have a dance school here, opened this week with a show that had Bob Reid, m. c., and Patricia Joy, prima donna, backed by a group of six girls. Herb Meyerinck and orchestra remain.

SUMMER SYMPHONY

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—Ed P. Junker, former contrabass player with the old Orpheum orchestra and later with other local theatres, has been engaged for the summer symphony season, which opened at Woodland June 29.

JESSE STAFFORD

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PLAN SERIES OF 'CASINO' SITES

Rumors from reliable sources have been current for some time that Jim Sams and Jess Krenn, owners of the Casino Gardens, Ocean Park, have been contemplating, and are now negotiating for, four additional ballrooms, all to be located in Southern California cities.

Probable sites will be Los Angeles, San Diego, Bakersfield and San Bernardino, and it is quite likely all will be named "Casino Gardens." They are to be in full operation within a year. No decision has been reached as to where and when the first of these will be started.

Low Traveller, who heads his band at Ocean Park, will have complete charge of all music, it is reported. Traveller will have a financial interest in the venture, it is stated.

DAMAGED SUIT SOON

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—Hearing of the \$300,000 damage suit brought by Jess Krenn against the Musicians' Union has been set for July 10, upon petition of attorneys for both parties. Nazzari charge the union and members with dynamiting their Royal Theatre and also obtained restraining order against picketing.

LEAVES FOR FUNERAL

Herman Schenck, Los Angeles representative for the Red Star Music Corp., left on a flying trip East this week to be present at final rites for his noted brother, Joe Schenck, of the famous vaudeville team, Van and Schenck, who passed away suddenly last week while playing an engagement in Detroit.

DEPARTMENT SHAKEUP

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—A shakeup in the professional department of Sherman, Clay and Co. this week had Sherman Little succeeding Ronald Johnson as manager. Little is the brother of Ed Little, head of the company. Marjorie Reynolds succeeds Marjorie Primley as secretary and pianist.

VINAL WILL DIRECT

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—Ed Vinal has been named as musical director for Warren Irons' burlesque show opening at the Capitol this week.

EMIL

STURMER

Musical Director

Paramount Theatre

San Francisco

KENNETH

RUNDQUIST

Music Director

Leighton's Cafeteria

Market at Powell

San Francisco

ANNIVERSARY AT FOX NOVEL

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—Three million people joined the Fox Theatre, San Francisco, in celebrating its first anniversary Saturday morning, June 28. Five thousand were crowded into the theatre itself, the balance listening to the broadcast from the stage of the Fox sent over the Pacific Coast hook-up of NBC.

A. M. Bowles, Fox West Coast head, chose for the anniversary program a method that reached more people than ever before. He effected a radio tie-up with Captain Dobbie and his Shell Happy Timers, whose daily broadcast over NBC is estimated to reach from two to three million persons in eleven western states.

Five minutes after opening the house was jammed. The Fox concert orchestra, under the direction of Walt Koenner, broadcast three overtures. Talent from Fanchon and Marco was interspersed with that from Captain Dobbie's own crew. A speech of welcome was given by A. M. Bowles, and followed by Mayor Rolph, who has been an ardent admirer of the Fox and a consistent booster.

Wires and letters of congratulation poured into the NBC studio of KPO calling this one of the greatest programs ever broadcast. No congratulations were needed at the Fox Theatre—the box-office report of 5000 tickets sold before 8 a. m., was a blizzard of trumpets sweet enough to satisfy any manager.

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Accidentals

By RALPH KOEHLER

Have you noticed the gradual return of the stage and pit band, as was predicted by Inside Facts some time ago, I think the thing that is helping to bring it on is that the theatre audiences are growing tired of the too unnatural music reproductions. Not that synchronized pictures won't stay, but the music-loving public is tiring much faster than the industry is able to keep up in sound improvements.

I notice that several music out of the lack of real rhythm in picture recording orchestras. Does the fault lie in the process of sound reproduction? Not altogether. The cause can be traced mainly to the leaders who often fail to recognize the importance of rhythm. The average reproduction is almost totally lacking in it. Rhythm is something more than just a beating of time.

Which brings to my mind Raymond Paige, musical director of KFI. He is one of the few leaders I know of who can really draw out much from his players. His arrangements are rich in rhythm and effects. Many of these arrangements are conceived and written by Lee Harline, whose artistry in this line leaves very little to be desired in modern arrangements.

Mann Brothers Orchestra are still holding forth at the Venice Ballroom, this being their third consecutive year. With eight men, but all doubling on a good number of instruments, this combination brings the customers back every time. Jess reports business picking up the past two months, and prospects for the summer are fine.

Glen Edmunds' Orchestra of seven are all former students of U. S. C. and U. C. L. A. Glen has a mighty sweet band and they are being heard daily from 6 to 7 p. m. over KGFJ, broadcasting by remote control from the Elks Temple dining room. This is a re-appearance, they having played here two years ago. During the intermediate period they held forth at the Alexandria Hotel, and also made a trip around the world on one of the Dollar liners.

Glen also has a band under the direction of his brother, Waldo Edmunds, which is now some where in the Orient.

Tommy Weber has taken an orchestra to Feather River for the summer. This famous vacation spot is located in Plumas county.

"Chuck" Deaton and his Jungle Tigers followed Jack Crawford's Victor Recording Orchestra into Solomon's. The personnel of the new band is as follows: Eddie Stockbridge, banjo; R. M. White, piano and arranger; Buddy Wallace, trombone; Russell Deibert, trumpet; Orlo Gains, trumpet; Ray Pruden, reeds; "Chuck" Deaton, drums and director. Two more will be added in about a week; Joe Worthington, reeds and arranger; Art Campbell, bass, making ten men in all.

critics have recently pointed

ton, drums and director. Two more will be added in about a week; Joe Worthington, reeds and arranger; Art Campbell, bass, making ten men in all.

Don Hayworth, saxophonist, and Ray Miller, banjo and string bass, are up at Lake Tahoe for the summer season.

Lou Traveller and his Music, still catering to the pleasure of patrons at the Casino Gardens, Ocean Park, ranks well with the best aggregations on the Coast, and ought to go far in the realms of rhythm-land. The past year has witnessed some lengthy strides for Lou, although he is no newcomer by any means, having been active hereabouts for years.

Dropped in on our old friend, Joe Marengo, at the Italian Village. He has a nice band of seven pieces, playing noon and evenings. Joe has been working here quite a while now and, judging from the number of customers there at the time, I would say that Joe will no doubt be there for a long time to come.

Murray Peck, m. c. at the Venice Ballroom, encountered two amateur stick-ups the other night. From the version I got, it seems that the s. u.'s were as much scared as was the m. c. At any rate, no losses were sustained, although they almost got away with Murray's ignition key.

I notice that Pete Pontrelli and his Happy Serenaders are "packing them in" at the Palace Ballroom, Ocean Park. Pete and his boys are plenty hot. "Rhapsody in Blue" and "To a Wild Rose" seem to be two of their most outstanding arrangements.

Pete's brother, Nick Pontrelli, still has the band at the Rose Room on Spring street. These boys have been sitting in the same chairs for the past fourteen months. Eddie Parillo just married recently. The roster includes: Nick Pontrelli, reeds and director; Bill Dilly, reeds; Tony Pinto, percussions and vibraphone; Carl Verrill, trombone and arranger; Bill Biotta, piano; Ollie Parillo, banjo and string bass, and Dave Chlavin, trumpet.

MORE SPANISH FILM DETAILS

(Continued from Page 2)

Catalan, not to mention the language of Galicia.

Of the 80,000,000 Spanish-Americans, nearly all speak a uniform language, which is really Castilian divested of certain dental sibilants. There are localisms, but these are as negligible as the localisms of the United States.

Briefly, Spanish-America is one linguistic unit, just like the United States. Whereas neither Spain nor Great Britain are linguistic units.

Castilian Offensive

Motion pictures are merchandise. One mustn't offend one's market. But producers will offend if they produce pictures in so-called correct Spanish. In Spanish-America the so-called Castilian pronunciation is regarded as an offensive and needless affectation.

Furthermore, there are serious dangers of riot and boycott should a film be shown in Mexico City or Santiago in which petateos or vaqueiros talk in the mellifluous cadences of Burgos.

Why, if these facts be self-evident, do the producers insist on Castilian as the standard and official language of Spanish talkies? Could there be intrigues in Hollywood? Can it be possible that actors and professors from Spain are intentionally influencing producers to insult Spanish-America?

It is hardly probable—I even doubt if it is possible. But rumor has it that Spanish actors and professors from Spain are doing just that very thing, and that producers are ignorant and weak enough to follow their Machiavelian counsel.

May Boycott

I doubt with immense faith that producers will do anything to endanger their market or their revenue, for that reason, and only that, do I consider it impossible that producers will persist in this course—granted, of course, that they have adopted it.

Furthermore, I think producers and their advisors know enough about Spanish-American temperament and action to realize that it has a great talent for revolutions and for protests, and that Spanish-America is quite able and willing to institute a complete boycott against Hollywood-made Spanish talkies should its susceptibilities or pride be injured.

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